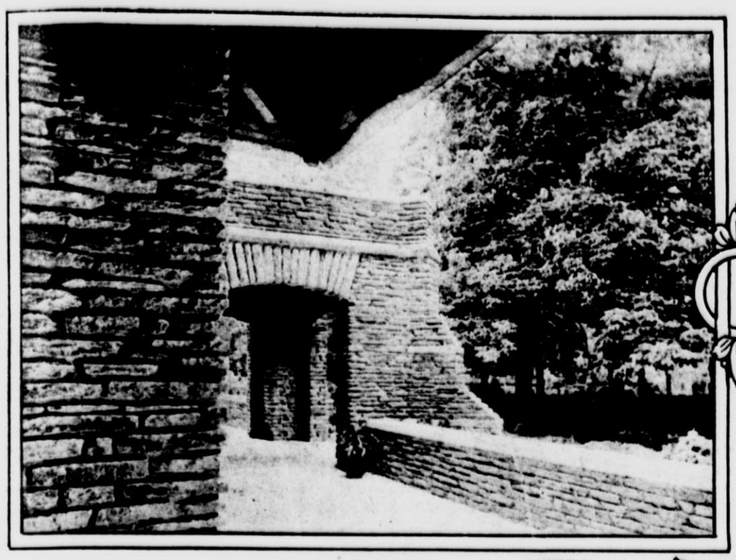
THE USE OF STONE IN SUBURBAN HOME BUILDING



Novel treatment of native stone porch columns.
Above—Porte-cochere of native stone. Residence of E. H. Mulford, Greenwich, Conn.

Charm of the English stone cottage.

A novel porch of solid masonry.
Above—Cut stone and half timber cottage of J. E. Aldred, Locust Valley, L. I.

Not So Expensive as Popularly Imagined if Native Rock Is Used and Durability Considered

By HENRY W. ROWE.

HE who is moved by the sight of venerable stone houses whose weathered walls suggest the living presence of long dead forefathers is apt to be attracted also by their wonderful state of preservation, and if he is a builder or one about to build he might be led to reflect that permanency in construction is indeed a thing to hold in reverence. Lasting material and particularly lasting walls we know from history are records of the lives of those who came centuries before us, and so for history's sake those of us who care to hand down a suggestion of our domestic habits are inclined toward the use of stone as a building material.

Traditionally, in the consideration of stone houses, we naturally look to England; for there we find a pleasing use of stone in the Tudor period. It is used in a rugged way, so strong in its masses that it easily holds its own with the widest expanse of rolling country. There, in the earlier days, the baron who could afford to build at all needed protection and built in stone, and hence out of necessity sprang that type of feudal mansion so pleasing in the open country. The type has come to us through generations whose connection with the outer world has become more open, and consequently the houses have lost, step by step, their formidable characteristics until now the motives are those of structure only and have assumed an aspect that speaks of a land of peace.

The feeling for this Tudor type has become strong in this country of late years and there has been an outburst of home building in this direction with increased elaboration; pleasing indeed and yet with a suggestion of disregard for the charm of the strength of stone and its vigorous effect when handled simply. It might be said in connection with this type that many are the possibilities of landscape treatment and of the softening effects of shrubs and vines, and that our verdant suburbs make stone a most desirable material. It should be used with freedom in regions of hill and dale and in modest houses as well as those of a more costly nature.

It may seem that stone is a material the use of which is almost prohibitive owing to its higher cost as compared with brick, but stone walls are not as costly as some people think. True, there are many communities where stone is not available except at exorbitant prices, and here one would hardly expect to find many such houses; but in the districts that abound in stone, where it may almost be had for the asking and where the topography of the land seems to call for it, we find stone houses missing to a marked degree.

It is not necessary to have a quarry near by, for often building stones may be gathered in quantities from the fields of the neighborhood, and it is with these that the most effective houses are built. Invariably the richest colors are found in boulders which when split and placed in the wall with their new faces outward offer surfaces of the most delicate coloring.

These might further be cut to rough rectangular pieces, or left in their free contour, as the architecture of the building would require. The last mentioned method suggests the free treatment as applied to our recent American type of suburban architecture, in which the rustic treatment of the stonework fittingly forms a pleasing transition from a rocky site to the house.

The long, thin stones of a house at Greenwich, Conn., which were quarried from a neighboring ledge and set with the joints laid wide and deep, contribute a feeling of horizontality to the structure. The use of stone in this manner should properly be confined to houses of long, low lines in direct contrast to the walls composed of rectangular shaped pieces in houses of higher proportions.

The color plays an important part in the texture of any masonry wall. Varied stones may be found in almost endless varieties, and with the exercise of a little thought may be placed here and there in the walls in such proportions as to be most harmonious in the grouping.

To leave for the moment the discussion of stonework as applied to the house, we will touch upon its uses in the garden, for gardens are almost a necessity, as every one takes pleasure in the green of the lawn and the flowers that grow therein, and those people are most to be envied from whose windows the sight of growing flowers brings the charm of nature to mind.

The garden wall is to-day what it has been for centuries, a motive of sentiment and tradition. Against it may be grown clinging vines of many varieties and fruit will thrive with it as a shelter. This barrier, necessarily constructed of masonry for protection against the winter winds, is most effective when built of stone, as the opportunity for random courses in the joints and the freedom of a changing texture supplies a fitting background for the flowers.

In regard to the application of masonry to recent styles of cottages inspired from the roads of England, it is a pleasure to find how charmingly they rest in the foliage of our own country, their borrowed motives being modified to fit our needs and pleasures to such an extent that the result is surprisingly American. Here, as there, the cosyness of the setting is most apparent where trees and plants are introduced to relieve the solid appearance of the stones, all being in perfect tune with a given locality.

To furnish convincing proof of how thoroughly the English have solved this problem of the introduction of masonry into their outlying cottages, we have only to look at those fascinating settlements where homes, treated simply and with the idea of cost strongly in mind, are found so profusely; where frugality has been the most important point at issue. The results are such as fully to reward the architects and artisans for their labors.

Work and study have been the means that have brought this thrifty handling of masonry construction into play. To use the materials closest at hand has been the aim, and where stone was available the most has been made of it. We could learn much in the way of stone building from our neighbors across the water. Already steps have been taken toward this end, but the protesting cry of many persons, who without stopping to consider whether a supply of stone is close at hand, and without a painstaking study as to whether it can be laid economically, declare that stone is too expensive, has given the movement an undeserving setback.

To return again to the lawns, stepping stones are always quaint and furthermore the use of boulders in the rough will lead to picturesque effects and offer opportunities, to those inclined toward growing things, of studding a sloping bank with rocks of varied shapes and colors, about which might grow flowers of exquisite delicacy, massed in the crevasses, with primroses in the background.

The old stone well is but another touch to be added where the tone of the surroundings calls for its use. This, overgrown with moss, with a well sweep standing over it, would produce an effect thoroughly in keeping with the interesting history of our country homes.

And thus we see that stone could be used to greater advantage in many of our suburbs where its opportunities are neglected; where its harmonious solidity might blend pleasantly with the landscape. There need be no fear of inconsistency with the surrounding country where local stone is used by skilled hands, for it is an element of the place.

Vogue of the Tudor Cottage in America Has Led to a Pleasing Diversity in Treatment

THE OLD FISHERMAN TALKS

"I NEVER go down Whitehall street," said the old fisherman, "without thinking of the time when a lot of us used to make our headquarters at Boyce's saloon at No. 26 a good many years ago. We all kept our baskets there, each with his fishing tackle in it and each labelled with the owner's name. They were kept ranged along on shelves, like the private mugs in a barber shop, and you may be sure that Boyce took excellent care of them. He was an expert fisherman himself and did not need to be instructed as to the value of good tackle.

"We used to meet there every Sunday morning and plan the sport for the day if we had not agreed beforehand where we should go. Sometimes we'd take a tug and go to Jamaica Bay or to Pleasant Plains on Staten Island or to some other of the places where there was excellent fishing to be had in those days. Sometimes it would be a sailboat and sometimes we'd all go in rowboats, although we did not really have to go out in a boat at all for the fishing was good enough to tempt the most enthusiastic sportsman right off the docks at the lower end of the city and off the Battery wall.

"We'd get plenty of kingfish, weakfish and striped bass right off the Battery, strange as it may seem now. I have seen a striped bass weighing eleven and a half pounds caught right off Pier 1, North River, and there was a time right under the hoisting apparatus in the Hamilton avenue ferry house where we were always sure of getting a fine lot of good game fish whenever we went there. We would have to get permission from the ferry superintendent, though, before the ferry employees would let us fish there, but he was good natured about it and seldom made any objections.

"It didn't really seem necessary, with such sport so close at hand, to go anywhere else in a boat, but we all enjoyed going, for it was a bunch of jolly good fellows, as fishemen generally are, and the day's sail was a part of the fun.

"A good many in the bunch were men who were all known in the community at that time and some who were better known afterward. Paddy Divver, the old politician, was one of them. He was a particularly skilful man with a rod and reel, but he came home very sore from one trip after he had fished all day long with four others and hadn't caught a fish, while the others all caught fine strings. It was 'fisherman's luck.'

"Then there was Nick Collins, who was a good friend of Divver's personally, but a political foe who stood in Divver's way more than once when Divver aspired to office. And there was Billy Kraemer, the only Republican member in the club, which we called the Lawrence Fishing Club. He was a Government weigher and a jolly good fellow.

"Another member, not so well known to the public then, became famous all over the world later on in connection with the Barnum circus. That was Tody Hamilton, who was always an enthusiastic fisherman till he settled down in Baltimore to live as quietly as Tody was enabled to live.

"Then there was Col. Coogan and there was Mike Murphy, who kept a saloon at 1 Hamilton avenue in Brooklyn for a hundred years or so. Maybe he's still keeping it, but Boyce's saloon disappeared years ago and the bunch scattered, the locality not being particularly attractive to fishermen nowadays.

"There were others, of course, but I'd have to stop to think of their names. Don't ask me how many years ago it all was. I could tell you, but I am not as young as I was then.

"Them was the days. And them was the nights too. We used to troll for striped bass in Hell Gate in the night time and catch good and plenty of them."

DOG ADOPTS FOUR DAY-OLD CHICKS

He inspected them critically.

LAST Sunday THE SUN recorded three instances of dogs that had mastered at least the rudiments of the English language, and another, in Berlin, that not only had a smattering of German but could also spell. Staten Island now comes forward to present the claims of a dog that not only talks and is highly trained along the general lines of canine "Kultur," but has added to his accomplishments the entire care of four motherless day-old Orpington chicks; at least they were a day old when the articles of adoption were drawn.

The dog, which is a wire hair fox terrier and answers to the name of John, took a tremendous interest in the four chicks when they were put out on the lawn at the tender age of one day on a hot Sunday of late April. It had been found necessary to destroy the mother hen, who had become paralyzed from her long session on the nest.

The dog had to be restrained by a strong hold on his collar from dashing at the little balls of white cotton that were just learning how to scratch. His master was curious to know just what would happen if the hold on the collar was loosened. He resolved to try the experiment even at the risk of the lives of four chicks.

What happened was that John went up to the chicks, examined them critically from all points, wagged his tail when the chicks lined up and trustfully touched their bills to his nose, danced around to round up a straggler that had strayed from the group, and then sat down to take up his faithful vigil against cats, hawks and other dogs. The picture shows John at the instant of this ceremony of adoption. The relationship has continued every day since, and the dog seems to have sacrificed all other interests in life to the care of his charges.

His young master, Gustin M. Nelson of Emerson Hill, a Curtis High School boy, even asseverates that John scratches for the chicks. This probably may be explained by the natural imitativeness of the dog, who, after watching the chicks scratch, has dug up a considerable portion of the lawn. Whatever John's motives may be the chicks like it and seem to have no fear of the flying paws in their eagerness to capture the worms exposed.

John's linguistic ability, by the way, consists of the words "mamma" and "hello," both of which he says quite plainly.

THE INVASION OF AMERICA

Continued from Sixth Page.

the civil authorities be left in control, and that no levy be made on the municipality."

"Absolutely refused," the hostile commander replied promptly. "Unconditional surrender or bombardment begins at time stated. If any attempt is made to dismantle works bombardment will begin at once."

This was at noon. The hour hand of the Old South Meeting House clock had not quite touched 1 when artillery was passing through Waltham and Newton Centre, and along all the roads crossing the Charles and Neponset rivers.

There were cavalry and cycle and motor troops on these roads and trains full of infantry. But always and everywhere was artillery. The sleek guns, pounding along New England's highways, spoke so wickedly of destructiveness that they were more terrifying to the population than long columns of heavily armed men.

At Jamaica Plain big howitzers were detrained and taken to the ridge running west by north from the line of the New York and New England railroad. More guns were unloaded in Brookline and posted on the crests from whose tops, 200 feet high, they had all Brookline, all Boston to the bay and, Cambridge and Somerville under their long range fire.[16]

At quarter past 3 the hostile General sent a message to the American commander at Fort Warren apprising him of the disposition of the guns.

"In one-quarter of an hour," said he, "the bombardment will begin. We shall fire at Brookline first."

The commander walked to the shattered flagstaff of the fort, on whose splintered top the American flag was waving in the wind from the Atlantic. He bared his head and with his own hand hauled down the colors that he had defended so well.

Five minutes later the colors on all the defences dropped.

Until then no soldiers had appeared in the city of Boston itself. The armed ring had contented itself with encircling all the suburbs. Now the telephone bell rang in the City Hall and a voice asked for the Mayor.

The voice was that of the hostile commander, speaking from Brookline.

"Your defences are in our hands," he said. "Our guns command every part of your city. I have the honor to demand unconditional and peaceable surrender at once, with all property of every kind. I regret to say that I can give you no time for discussion. I must request you to give me your answer now."

The Mayor with the instrument at his ear looked around at the members of the committee. "It is the army commander," he said. 'He demands unconditional surrender."

"There is only one answer to make," said one of the committee.

The Mayor turned to the telephone. "We surrender," he said.

"Very well," was the response. "A body of troops under a general officer will enter the city at once. They will have orders to punish any disturbance severely. I shall have the honor of calling on you shortly after my men have occupied the town."

A little later the citizens' committee saw cavalry with machine guns approach the City Hall. Similar bodies were taking position in all the squares and parks and posting their little guns where they could sweep the intersecting streets. Up and down Washington avenue and up and down all the side streets were sentinels and guard parties. A wagon train was encamped on the Common.

And a little later still, preceded by light cavalry, three automobiles rolled through the streets to the City Hall. In each sat four men dressed in campaign uniforms. They were leaning back smoking and looking with interest at the buildings. They seemed not to see the silent crowds that lined the sidewalks.

These sedate, cheerful, interested gentlemen were the commander and his staff arriving to take formal possession of the city. With machine guns and rifles threatening all around them, the silent people of Boston saw their conquerors enter the City Hall and knew that their sovereignty had passed into alien hands.

Next Sunday's instalment of "The Invasion of America" will tell of the defence of Connecticut and the movement toward New York.

16. *Long range investment with modern artillery serves the double purpose of commanding the ultimate target and commanding all the territory in between, thus giving the artillerist possession of many miles of area.*